

GUNBOAT IS ORDERED TO MEXICAN WATERS

According to Word Received at Washington Two American Owned Plantations Are Taken by the Rebels.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The gunboat Wheeling Tuesday was ordered to Frontera, Tabasco state, Mexico, where revolutionary activity has endangered the lives and property of Americans. She will sail from Key West Wednesday morning. The gunboat has 150 bluejackets but no marines.

The state department had received alarming reports from Counsel Leesplacher at Frontera. Americans there became apprehensive when the rebels occupied two American owned plantations and pillaged other property. The Wheeling probably will reach Frontera by nightfall Wednesday. Her subsequent movements will be directed by Admiral Fletcher, commanding the American fleet in the Gulf of Mexico, from the battleship Louisiana, now at Tampam where a fresh outbreak brought new danger to Americans and other foreigners there.

The state department has received no further word from the Madera lumber camp where alarming threats against Americans were renewed Tuesday. Immediately upon hearing Sunday that ten Americans were held prisoners there, the department sought their protection and liberation through officials at El Paso, the consul at Chihuahua and the American embassy at Mexico City.

Refugees continue to flee from Mexico. The state department was advised that arrangements were complete for the embarkation of 100 indigent Americans from Tampico today. They will be taken to Galveston, Tex.

SPENT TWENTY-TWO HOURS IN THE STORM

ELKHART, Ind., July 23.—Returning after an extensive trip through the south and west Lake Shore Engineer Frank F. Gross of this city relates a story of a remarkable escape from death while a passenger with seven other men in a 28 foot craft in the Gulf of Mexico during a storm.

The rudder of the boat had broken off and the occupants were tossed mercilessly about for 22 hours before being rescued by a 40 foot craft which a crippled but heroic captain had rowed seven miles in a tumultuous sea to summon aid.

FIND COUNTERFEIT FIVE DOLLAR BILL

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The discovery of a new counterfeit \$5 "Indian head" silver certificate was announced Tuesday by Chief W. J. Flynn of the United States Secret Service. The spurious note apparently is printed from crudely etched plates on fair quality bond paper, with ink lines to imitate the silk fiber of the genuine.

PATENTS

And Trade Marks Obtained in all Countries. Advice Free. GEO. J. OLTSCH, Registered Patent Agent, 711-112 Studebaker Bldg., South Bend, Ind.

AUTUMN ROMANCE OF SOUTH BENDER HERE

Section Hand Weds Iowa Boarding House Keeper 16 Years His Senior.

A romance of the autumn of life in which a South Bend man is the hero, has come to life in Des Moines, Ia. Charles Hatfield, aged 53, of South Bend, and Mrs. Julia Clark, aged 74, of Adelphi, Ia., were married at Des Moines July 17, after a courtship of six weeks.

Hatfield went to Iowa about six weeks ago and secured work as a section hand on a railroad running through Adelphi. He found board at Mrs. Clark's home and proceeded to make himself agreeable to the widow by helping with the chores about the house and being generally useful. So well did he succeed that Mrs. Clark was soon willing to declare him indispensable and a wedding was agreed upon.

Hatfield left the section and went to work on a farm adjoining the small one owned by Mrs. Clark. Last Thursday his employer, Harry Beattie, took the couple to Des Moines in his automobile. They secured a license and were married with Beattie as witness. Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield will live on the farm.

The King of Laxatives
For constipation, headaches, indigestion and dyspepsia, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. Paul Matulka, of Buffalo, N. Y., says they are the "King of all laxatives. They are a blessing to all my family and I always keep a box at home." Get a box and get well. Price 25c. Recommended by all Druggists. Adv.

COVINGTON HOLDS THE INDIANS TO FOUR HITS

KANSAS CITY, July 23.—Covington held Indianapolis to four hits and Kansas City shut out the visitors Tuesday, 6 to 0. The locals scored in the first inning when Walker rapped the ball into the left field bleachers for a home run. Five runs were added in the fifth. In that inning with two out and the bases full, Walker doubled, scoring Moore and Williams. Livingston then tried to catch Roth off third, but the throw went wild and he scored. Baxter followed with an infield hit and Walker went in. Drake, next up, doubled to center, scoring Baxter.

Indianapolis .000 000 000—0 4 2
Kansas City .100 050 00—6 12 0
Kaiserling, Harrington and Livingston; Covington and Moore. Umpires—Johnstone and Hindboe. Adv.

YOUR VACATION TRIP.
Do not decide until you investigate low fares offered by Grand Trunk Ry. System for 30 and 60-day tours. We are glad to give you information and assist you in any way. Just give us an opportunity to serve you. Both phones. C. A. McNutt, Pass. Agent.—Advertisement.

Maud—Isn't 5 and 30 too old to look for any improvements? I should say not. One just begins to live. Take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. You will be blooming fair at 60. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Conoley Drug. Adv.

WOMEN CAST VOTES AGAINST THE SALOONS

Vote Two to One For Dry Town Near Elgin and at Benton Out-numbered the Men.

ELGIN, Ill., July 23.—Effect of women's suffrage on local option was given its first test in Illinois. At Carpentersville the "drys" won more decisively than they at the three previous local option tests in the village. The vote was 172 to 155.

One hundred and fifty-one women voted. It is estimated that the "dry" women outnumbered the "wets" two to one. At the last two local option elections in Carpentersville the "drys" won by one vote each time.

BENTON, Ill., July 23.—The first local election in which women were allowed to vote resulted in an overwhelming majority for the anti-saloon forces Tuesday. The dramsoph ordinance was defeated by a majority of 526. Fourteen women voted in favor of the saloons and 408 women against them. The women votes outnumbered the men.

INDICTED FOR MURDER

Father and Son Are Accused of Killing Constable of Anderson.

ANDERSON, Ind., July 23.—William W. Brown, trustee of Green township and his son, William, both were indicted by the grand jury here Tuesday for killing Constable Albert Hawkins at Ingalls two weeks ago. The men are charged jointly with murder in the first degree.

For Cuts, Burns and Bruises
In every home there should be a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, ready to apply in every case of burns, cuts, wounds or scalds. J. H. Polanco, Delvalle, Tex., R. No. 2, writes: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve saved my little girl cut foot. No one believes it could be cured." The world's best salve. Only 25c. Recommended by all Druggists. Adv.

MRS. PHIPPS DENIES THAT SHE HAS MARRIED AGAIN

BOSTON, July 23.—Mrs. Genevieve Chandler Phipps, formerly wife of Lawrence C. Phipps, the steel man of Pittsburgh and Denver, and Edward E. D. Powell of Denver, a fellow voyager on the ship that arrived here from Hamburg yesterday, appealed to the press Tuesday night to deny a report that she had married.

Mr. Powell met Mrs. Phipps at a house party in London on his return from a visit to South Africa.

Rid Your Children of Worms
You can change fretful, ill-tempered children into healthy, happy youngsters by ridding them of worms. Tossing, rolling, grinding of teeth, crying out while asleep, accompanied with intense thirst, pains in the stomach and bowels, feverishness and bad breath, are symptoms that indicate worms. Kickapoo Worm Killer, a pleasant candy lozenge, expels the worms, regulates the bowels, restores your children to health and happiness. Mrs. J. A. E. Shish, of Elgin, Ill., writes: "I have used Kickapoo Worm Killer for years, and entirely rid my children of worms. I would not be without it." Guaranteed. All druggists, or by mail, Price 25c. Kickapoo Ind. Medicine Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis. Adv.

GROCERIES CLOSED FOR RUG DAY

If You've Forgotten to Order That Steak and Loaf of Bread You May Have Trouble Getting It.

All grocery stores and meat markets are closed up Wednesday for the grocers and butchers are off on their annual picnic at Hudson lake. The grocers and butchers left South Bend on trains over the Northern Indiana and South Shore for the lake at 7 o'clock. Special cars were running all day over both electric roads, between the city and the park, carrying them to and from the picnic.

A long program, which began at 10:30 in the morning and lasted all day, took place at Smith's resort. The big features of the day were two big ball games.

One game began in the morning at 10:30 o'clock, between the South Bend grocers and the United Commercial travelers and the other one started at 2:30 in the afternoon between the "Old Grocers" and the "Young Grocers."

The winners of the first ball game will receive 100 Cincos cigars, donated by McInerney & Doran. The losers will get 50 Brick House cigars, donated by the Goetz Co. The winners for the second game will be treated by the losers.

Other scheduled events of the day were a horse-shoe contest, the prizes to be cigars. A prize of 1-4 barrel of flour will be given to the man who catches the largest fish. A girls' egg race, ladies' blind fold contest, men's blind fold contest, ladies' blind fold wheelbarrow contest, and men's wheelbarrow contest, old gent's race, stout women's race, greased pole contest, gent's nail driving contest, boys' race, girls' race, young men's race, young women's race, 75 yd. dash for men and women, and potato races for ladies, will be among the events.

Prizes will be given for each contest, and the first couple caught spooning on the grounds will be given an eight inch all day sucker.

Special cars also left Mishawaka direct for the picnic.

Unsightly Face Spots
Are cured by Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment, which heals all skin eruptions. No matter how long you have been troubled by itching, burning, or scaly skin humors, just put a little of that soothing antiseptic, Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment, on the sores and the suffering stops instantly. Healing begins that very minute. Doctors use it in their practice and recommend it. Mr. Allemen, of Littleton, Pa., says: "Had eczema on forehead; Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment cured it in two weeks." Guaranteed to relieve or money refunded. All druggists, or by mail, Price 50c. Pfeiffer Chemical Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis. Adv.

SIX BUILDINGS BURN

Harmony, Ind., Has Blaze That Does \$17,500 Damage.

BRAZIL, Ind., July 23.—Fire that threatened to destroy the business district of Harmony near here Tuesday afternoon, did damage estimated at \$17,500, before being brought under control. The blaze started in a livery stable. Six buildings and two houses were burned.

500 Rugs Forced Out at Below Cost, Because We're Compelled to Furnish Room for Workmen

EXPANSION SALE

About \$10,000 Worth of Newest

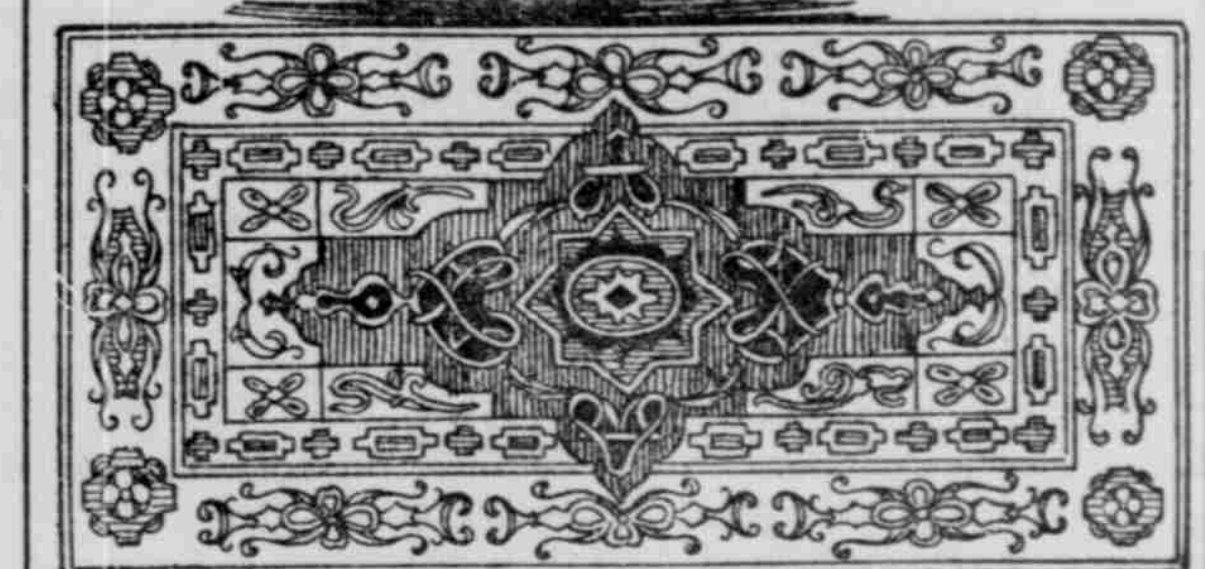
—weaves of dependability will sell Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Prices are made to effect complete disposal—each rug is yellow-tagged with its below-cost price for this great, big three-day event which is a matter of necessity with us.

EVERY RUG MUST GO

Workmen Are Waiting

THURSDAY

THURSDAY



HAVE 'EM CHARGED
To responsible parties—to parties who are able to furnish reliable references we are always pleased to open accounts with. Take advantage of this Thursday—Rug Day.

Utopia Axminsters
Axminster Rugs
Bigelow Royal Wiltons
Washable Bath Rugs
Egyptian Body Brussels
Bigelow Body Brussels
Scotch Art Rugs
Heavy Axminsters

Below Cost
500 Rugs are a great many—too many to tell of comparative prices for this three-day sensational Sale. We promise you the lowest prices you've seen on reputable Rugs. We have not inflated former prices one cent, either.

Tapestry Brussels
Saxony Axminsters
Bigelow Axminsters
Seamless Wilton Velvets
Egyptian Wilton Rugs
Waite Grass Rugs
French Wiltons
Walkill Wilton Rugs

ROBERTSON'S---RUG DAY---THURSDAY---ROBERTSON'S

WHERE THERE'S A WILL---By S. Marcel Boulestin

WHEN Sybil Palmer and Rupert Winspeare, after several eventful weeks spent in trying to find out if they were really in love with one another, arranged to become engaged, they both agreed that their marriage should not take place till they had enough money to take a nice house in St. John's Wood or a flat somewhere near Knightsbridge. Being both sensible and rather prosaic people, more inclined to think too much of responsibilities and consequences than to overlook them, they decided that a bare three hundred a year would not be sufficient for them to keep up a comfortable establishment. They also decided to save two pounds a week each in order to buy their furniture, which had to be genuinely antique. Chippendale for the diningroom and Adam for the drawing-room.

Therefore Rupert remained in his chambers and Sybil on the stage (which she intended to give up after the wedding), and they both tried very hard to be economical. In eight months they saved as much as 7 pounds 18s. 10½d., after which they realized the futility of their efforts.

It was then that Rupert's father died, leaving him a small house in Folkestone, a few hundred pounds in odd shares, and a most wonderful snuff-box, worth "thousands," which had belonged to Louis XVI. That was all that was left of a fortune which had once been fairly large. The sale of the snuff-box would have kept the old man in luxury to the end of his days, but he had never even considered the idea of selling it.

The snuff-box had naturally become a favorite topic of conversation between Rupert and Sybil; it represented their future fortune, the realization of their most cherished hopes; it consoled them for their inability to save money.

"You wouldn't mind parting with it?" Sybil would ask at more or less regular intervals.

"Not in the least! As a matter of fact, I think it ought to belong to France. It's one of the few beautiful French things which are not in the Wallace Collection. We'll approach the Louvre Museum on the subject."

"How much is it insured for?"

"I don't know exactly," would answer Rupert, "but I know it's for an enormous sum."

But they had a terrible disappointment, for the late Mr. Winspeare left a will in which he expressed his wish that the snuff-box should remain in the family for several generations, and he took the necessary steps for preventing any attempt on the part of Rupert to sell the precious relic, which the unhappy girl was sup-

posed to have used on his way to Folkestone. This most unlikely legend had been invented, as a matter of fact, only recently.

Rupert and Sybil, quite disconsolate, bowed to the inevitable, and resumed their usual occupations. The house in Folkestone was let furnished for the winter and summer visitors, and the "beastly box," as Rupert said, remained there, all by itself, in a secret safe carefully locked up in the most complicated manner.

Once the rates and taxes paid, Rupert made a clear 150 pounds a year by letting the house, and he would have been willing to marry and live on their 450 pounds, but Sybil thought it wiser to be patient and try really to save some money. She was going to have a speaking-part in the new play—explained she—and that meant a "rise" of at least one pound a week. She always talked about her art in the most matter-of-fact way; indeed, she was on the stage as some people are in an office; she had chosen that profession with the sole idea of securing a husband, and since she had found Rupert her ambition was entirely satisfied. She was a born bourgeoisie and a married woman by vocation.

A few months passed by, during which she began to take a violent dislike to her profession, while Rupert grew more and more impatient and slightly bad-tempered. They quarreled occasionally, and every time forgot to be kind and unjust things they said to one another in the tops of touchings reconciliations. Still one cannot enjoy either quarrelling or making it up forever, and the time came when Sybil found herself so distinctly noticeably that they both had noticed it. Indeed, they were on the verge of becoming unkind and of making a mess of their lives, when an unexpected accident changed the face of things.

A "series of daring burglaries" took place at Folkestone, and the last house visited by the thieves happened to be Rupert's house. The burglar or burglars, entered at night by the dining-room window, and, without stealing any of the cutlery or disturbing the sleep of the tenants, made straight for the secret safe, opened it in no time, took the precious snuff-box, and disappeared in the night without more ado.

The following day the police were called in, telegrams exchanged and received, and all London papers described at great length (though in a XVI. by Marie Antonette in the first year of their marriage) and Rupert Winspeare, "whose engagement to the beautiful Miss Palmer had just been announced," become a public character.

He had to hide his joy and to confide to many reporters his sorrow at the loss of the snuff-box, but that evening after the theatre, he met Sybil, and they had an ideal and very expensive supper, with many champagne libations to propitiate the Fates.

"They have telegraphed descriptions of the box all over England," said Rupert; "but, thank goodness, they are all different."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sybil, "if only they could trace neither the burglars nor the box! That would be luck. Then with the insurance money—"

"Oh! we could do so many things!"

"I sincerely hope they are really clever burglars! Do you know I have the sight of a policeman now. But, of course, it will take some time before they give up hope. I wonder if there is a law about it. I think they ought to pay at once. I must find out about it."

"I'll ask the stage manager," declared Sybil, moved by a sudden inspiration. "He knows all that is to be known about thieves, thefts, and so on. He has staged Raffles, and Arsene Lupin so many times. However, let us hope the police won't discover our friend the burglar. I think a nice little motor car, Rupert, would suit us very well. I should also like a rope of pearls, their value, so if you lost your money I could always sell them at cost price or even make a little money. A friend of mine, you know, that tall girl in the second row, she once had a pearl necklace given her."

And she embarked on a long story, which, although it had no point whatever, proved her earnestness, her gaiety, her hopefulness and her weakness for jewelry.

"I am so excited, I feel quite silly," she decided herself with a bewitching smile. They had not been happy and so much in love for months. They followed anxiously every incident of the research, hoping and despairing in turn. Rupert never opened his letters without a beating heart and the paper without a trembling hand. As for Sybil, she began to talk indiscreetly about her marriage, and in the dressing room of the theatre, put on at the same time airs and make-up.

Still all the clues proved valueless, and the "daring burglary" became after several weeks an "unsolved mystery," and after two months a "cold case," the law of the police, and Sybil, who saw their fortune and their happiness coming nearer every day. They decided they would marry in June, then, after a nice honeymoon, go to Folkestone and spend part of the Summer there in the little house which had brought them so much happiness.

Rupert, acting on Sybil's advice, went to Folkestone for a few days in order to see if the house wanted any structural alterations or the rooms any doing up. As the house was let for the present, he stayed at a hotel, and one evening, as he was coming in the hall porter looked at him in a strangely suspicious way, and addressed him a shade less deferentially than usual.

"There are two detectives who want to see you on urgent business," announced he. "I've put them in a back room. I thought you'd prefer to receive them there," added he a little scornfully.

Rupert, overcome by emotion, could hardly find his way to the back room—which aroused the curiosity of the suspicious hall porter.

"We are glad to say, Mr. Winspeare," declared promptly one of the detectives, "that we have succeeded in finding the thief. He was arrested just as he was going to pawn your property."

"A few minutes afterwards the hall porter was given by Rupert the following telegram to send off at once, "All hope lost. He inwardly congratulated himself on his shrug, the young man was obviously a wanted criminal or an escaped convict."

Rupert came back to town and broke the news as gently as he could to his fiancée, but to tell the truth, she took it badly, showing obvious signs of unfairness, both to him and to the English police, also an immense scorn for valuable works of art and sentimental associations. So that for several weeks they lived in a stormy atmosphere by no means conducive to happiness.

One day, after a scene more violent than usual, Rupert, having once more made his favorite remark as to "making a mess of their lives," and Sybil having sworn that she would have her revenge (whatever it meant), the young man rushed out of the room, slammed the door of his own flat, and went out for a refreshing stroll, leaving behind the girl and her threats.

But after a time he felt ashamed, and decided to go back in order to make up, and much to his surprise, he found he had himself another chance. He found the flat empty, and there he sat, wondering if Sybil would ever come back, and if he would be really unhappy if she did not.

But she did come back, pale with rage and brandishing the snuff box in her hand.

"There it is!" cried she. "Here is your beastly box!"

"I told you I would have my revenge," said she. "I took it, yes. I stole it myself. I meant to throw it in the river; then I thought I would pawn it."

Lucky thing I tried. There's an escape if you like! It's a fake! I've heard a fake; it has no value, none!"

"Impossible!"

"Or then the burglars must have had a copy made for the police to discover."

"Never mind your 'perhaps.' I have done with you. It has no value; you knew it all along, and you were trying to marry me under false pretences."

"But I tell you it's all off between us, and I'll sue you for breach of promise!" ended she with a shrill note.

Rupert remained dumfounded, conscious of having lost two treasures in one stroke. A few days afterwards he began to realize that both treasures were of doubtful value. To-day he is quite all right, but he has lost all interest in the stage, and even in the drama—and if young men are all treated in the same way or in any other way by pretty chorus girls, no wonder if the theatres are so empty.

A TRAGIC INTERVIEW---By Fernand Darce

"TELL your master that I come from Paris Nouvelles!"

"It won't do a bit of good, I tell you. I have done nothing all morning but send away reporters."

"Still he might consent to see the representative of Paris Nouvelles, the largest paper in the city!"

"I know; I know, sir; but it is of no use!"

At this moment a hoarse voice came from the room within:

"Oh, let him in, since he says he comes from Paris Nouvelles. I will have to tell to one of them anyway in order to get peace."

She shrugged her shoulders and conducted the visitor into the parlor, a very strange parlor, by the way. The eye of the reporter, sweeping the room, noticed a great number of portraits with strange, staring eyes, and paintings of what appeared to be ghosts. But what impressed him most was an immense panoply consisting of strange barbaric glistening weapons of all kinds hanging close together with a single open space at the bottom, which made the reporter shudder, knowing, as he did, which weapon was missing. The light was strange, too, emanating from a single lamp with a shade of green silk which imparted a ghastly complexion to the occupant of the room, a little old man, smooth shaven and with the features of a bird of prey. The whole face was dominated by the eyes, these eyes which had become famous during the last days, set deep in the head under heavy, bushy brows.

"You need not thank me, young man. When I have consented to see you after sending all the rest away who have been ringing my doorbell all day ever since I came out of La Sante, it is simply because I have changed my mind, because I think that perhaps an interview may be to my advantage. Fire away now, and I will answer all your questions."

"Then let us begin at the beginning," said the reporter. "A week ago you passed the evening together with your old, I might say your only friend Mr. Terfilis. You were both bachelors who had one interest in common, an interest in hypnotism, occultism, mysticism. You had both met with dreadful experiences, but you disagreed on one point and had a bitter quarrel that night?"

"Nothing but a single discussion."

"The next morning after your visit to your friend, his valet found him in his room, dead with a dagger in

his heart. He was still fully dressed and had been killed after a struggle which had left in his glassy eyes an expression of abject terror."

"Bravo, young man, you sum up like a judge."

"I must make sure that I understand everything correctly," said the reporter.

"Well I will go on in your place. The dagger was found to belong to me. It was an exact duplicate of the one over there next to the empty place. The valet testified that when he went to bed we were quarrelling loudly, and it was shown that Terfilis had died just about the time when the concierge had seen me leaving the house. Of course I was arrested, and of course my defense, that I had lent the dagger some time previous to Mr. Terfilis, who was interested in it, because it had belonged to a famous medium, only made the judge smile. My furious denials did, however, produce a strong impression, though not enough to cause that beastly idiot of a judge to set me free. I began to think that I was lost and the thought that I was to be convicted of a murder of which I was innocent made my brain reel until I was on the verge of insanity. You don't know what it means to be "cooked" by a detective, tortured night and day by interminable questions, and suddenly find yourself face to face with the body of your supposed victim. At last, fortunately, they discovered that the bloody fingerprints on the handle of the dagger were not made by me, so they had to release me, greatly to the annoyance of that idiot of a judge. That is all. Is there anything else you want to know?"

"If you have any idea who the murderer may be?"

"A very smart question! If I had the slightest idea, don't you think that I would have put those blood-hounds on the trail long ago?"

He paced up and down the room, murmuring between his teeth: "Yes, it is the murderer? Where is the murderer?"

Suddenly he seemed to get an idea, rang the bell for his servant and sent her on an errand to the other end of Paris.

When he had heard her close the door behind her, he suddenly stopped in front of the reporter with a face which had suddenly changed beyond all recognition. His eyes stared straight into those of the young man with the expression of those of a serpent hypnotizing a bird, destined to become its prey. He stood thus for several moments and then cried: "No, I cannot do it. I cannot remain silent any longer. It is suffocating me. I must speak now though I refused to do so to that beast of a judge. It will annoy him dreadfully when I now confess everything to a journalist. I am going to give you the best copy you ever had, young man. No, don't ask me, don't say a word, let me do all the talking. It was I who killed Terfilis, because he kept on

contradicting me when I insisted that my method was a hundred times better than his. It was I who killed him, though it was not my hand that struck him down, and that is why the fingerprints on the handle were not mine. Say, why are you not making any notes?"

The reporter was indeed not making any notes, being far too horrified at what he saw and heard. He was like a paralyzed man, who had pitied an innocent victim of our cruel police methods, openly boasting of the crime he had committed.

"I want to hear the details to appear in the papers," the man went on. "I will go through the whole scene with you, and you shall play Terfilis and I shall play—myself."

The reporter wanted to arise, to run away, but was terrified tooken to find that his muscles refused to obey him; dreadful eyes of the man standing in front of him seemed to pierce his brain like two red-hot gimlets.

The man went on:

"For instance, I was, I did not want to stain my fingers with his blood, though I had made up my mind that he must die. I made a few passes in front of him like this. Do you feel the effect? Do you feel that you are nothing but a helpless tool in my hand? Then I commanded you to take the dagger, which was lying on the table, just as I now command you to take the dagger from the panoply. He tried to resist, just as you are trying to resist now, but you will do as I tell. Go and get that dagger!"

The reporter understood now: the man was endowed with extraordinary powers of suggestion, and though he exerted all his will power, he found himself walking over to the panoply and taking the dagger.

The other laughed a loud, sardonic laugh.

"You see, Terfilis had to obey me, just as you obey me now, and I said to him: 'Haha! I said to him as I say to you now: 'Slab yourself in the heart! Ha! ha! ha! ha!'"

He burst into a mad laughter.

The reporter understood. The man was mad. A dizziness overcame him, he was stricken furiously with himself, but he raised his hand. He knew he had only another moment to live, and his whole life, he saw his old mother's face and the little house at Passy where he was born.

"Slab yourself!" roared the madman. The door was suddenly thrown open and the servant burst into the room. "They have found the murderer, monsieur! It was Terfilis's own valet. He has made a full confession!"

The man reeled as if he had been struck, grasping his forehead with both hands. His eyes left those of his victim and the spell was broken. The reporter rushed out of the room. An hour later the unfortunate victim of the third degree was taken to an asylum in a straitjacket.

The next morning people fought to get hold of copies of Paris Nouvelles containing the sensational interview.